

Three Sheets to the Wind

by September's Spell

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Ruffnut

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-08-02 10:43:00

Updated: 2011-08-02 10:43:00

Packaged: 2016-04-26 11:50:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 932

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jealousy and mead. Not a good combination for Astrid. Be warned, Femslash. Astrid/Ruffnut.

Three Sheets to the Wind

\*\*AN: \*\*Re-uploaded. I hadn't realized I'd deleted this on accident.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Thunk</em>. How was this possible? \_How\_? She was the best. She always had been. What had changed? \_Thunk\_. Was she trying hard enough? \_Thunk\_. Maybe she needed more practice. \_Thunk\_. No. No! That couldn't be it. Practice was her life. She was always practicing. \_Thunk\_. But here she was, being beaten at a game she thought she had mastered, in front of the entire village. Multiple times. It was torture! Astrid removed her axe from the destroyed tree trunk, heaving it up to rest upon her shoulder. The blonde's breathing was slightly ragged, due to the constant activity brought upon by sheer rage for the past ten minuets. She'd butchered that poor tree.

For several moments, Astrid simply stared at it, her blue eyes fixed on the deep gashes her axe had cut into the tree's trunk. A lot of the trees in that area had similar wounds; she often came here to relieve her anger. And that evening, her anger was focused on one specific person. Hiccup. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. His sudden prowess as a Viking angered her. In just a few short days, he'd gone from one of the worst Vikings Berk had ever had the displeasure of giving birth to, to being one of the greatest dragon slayers ever known.

Not that he had ever slain a dragon before. Yet, anyways. None of the young Vikings had. That was to be decided though; which young Viking would earn the honor of slaying his or her first dragon, before the

entire village. It was a great honor, one Astrid intended on receiving. There was no way that pathetic excuse of a Viking was going to beat her. No way! With a defiant cry, the blond hurled the deadly sharp weapon at the poor defenseless tree for the final time before turning to march angrily off towards the village.

There was no point in overexerting herself. It would only make things worse, she would only upset herself more, and it certainly wouldn't help her in the early morning practice. She would need all the help she could get to defeat Hiccup, which was a rather odd though considering how much he failed at life in general only days before.

What did he suddenly have that she didn't? Was he getting help from someone? That had to be the answer. There was no way someone like him could possibly - no! No, she had to stop thinking about it. Thinking about it only made her all the angrier, and that definitely wasn't good. Just calm down. Breathe. After a few deep and relaxing breaths, the blonde quickened her pace. She wanted to make it back to the village center by nightfall. The other young Vikings who were being trained in the art of dragon slaying would all be gathering in the mess hall soon, and she certainly wasn't going to miss that. Not only was it a time to eat, but it was also a time to receive criticism not only from the other trainee's, but Gobber as well; their 'trainer'.

A few minuets of walking found the young Viking passing the first few houses on the outskirts of the village. At this point, she was able to pick up on the faint smell of chicken being cooked over the fire; which was enough to make her stomach ache slightly. How long had it been since she'd ate? Who knew, the blonde could go for hours on end without eating, if she had something to distract her. That something was quite obvious.

From the edge of the village, it took her about five more minuets to reach the mess hall. Once there, she was immediately overwhelmed by a multitude of delicious smells. Surprisingly enough, these Vikings knew how to cook some pretty tasty things.

The heavy wooden doors creaked under Astrid's weight as she pushed them open, the loud noise gathering the attention of the teens within. Fishlegs; a large teen with a rather odd obsession with numbers, Snotlout; Every bit as annoying as his name was disgusting, and the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut; both equally disturbing in a mildly amusing manor. No Hiccup. That was good. Their eyes only rested on her for a few seconds, before they jumped right back in to whatever they'd been talking about before she had entered. Something about Gobber's missing limbs, from what she could understand, not that she was paying attention much.

The food was already set out on the table, which just left her with the task of finding a place to sit. She snatched up a plate, and opted for the empty bench beside the other blonde, Ruffnut, rather than the only empty spot beside Snotlout. He seemed to think if he flirted with her enough, she would realize the error of her constant rejection, and fall into his arms. Yeah, like that was ever going to happen. And judging by the waggling of eyebrows, it was a good thing she choose the seat that she had. For the most part, she was able to eat in relative comfort, aside from the occasional bump from the female beside her, though she knew that wasn't intentional, and was

usually cause by a violent shove she received from her sibling.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN<strong>: It's been a long time since I've written for this. I may or may not continue. I should probably watch the movie again.

End  
file.